# SILVERY ECHOES

BY J. H. KURZENKNABE.

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J. H. KURZENKNABE
HARRISBURG, PENNA.

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# SILVERY ECHOES

OF

# Praise and Prayer.

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND MUSIC,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

CHILDREN AND YOUTHS

IN THE

## Primary and Intermediate Departments

OF THE

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

AUTHOR OF "SONG TREASURY," "THE REWARD," "NEW THEORY."

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# PREFACE.

"SILVERY ECHOES" is designed to fill the place in the Primary and Intermediate Departments of the Sunday-school similar to that now occupied by the "SONG TREASURY" in the Main School. Hence the two go hand in hand on their mission of praise.

May its happy sonnets vibrate throughout the land in universal praise, until, in silvery echoes, they reach the Hills of Eternity in adoration of Him who is worthy to receive "power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing" forever and ever! Amen.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

The following will aid in the selection of suitable topics for desired occasions:—

Praise. 3, 4, 6, 11, 18, 20, 21, 24, 31, 37, 43, 44, 45, 51, 53, 63, 64, 68, 72, 79.
Prayer. 7, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 23, 26, 27, 28, 29, 32, 33, 34, 39, 46, 48, 55, 61, 70, 75.
Christian Life and Experience. 8, 21, 25, 26, 35, 42, 48, 49, 50, 57, 74, 76.
Childhood and Youth. 3, 5, 12, 17, 21, 28, 35, 38, 42, 44, 47, 51, 58, 62, 68, 74, 75.
Saviour's Love. 7, 8, 18, 34, 44, 54, 61, 72, 76.
Sabbath School. 9, 27, 46, 62, 78.
Heaven and Home. 15, 36, 41, 50, 52.
Coming to Jesus. 19, 25, 40, 47, 57.
Invitation. 36, 42, 50, 52.
Children's Shepherd. 22, 30, 75.
Children's Saviour. 16, 53, 54, 57, 60, 76.
Warfare. 5, 38, 49, 58.
Solos. 9, 30, 34, 40, 58, 60, 72, 76.
Duets. 5, 7, 33, 47, 50.
Trios, Echoes, Chants, and Lullaby. 4, 11, 63, 73, 79.
Christmas. 53, 64, 65.
Anniversaries, Concerts, etc. 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 17, 20, 24, 27, 30, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 40, 44, 47, 49, 50, 51, 52, 54, 56, 57, 58, 60, 63, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 79.

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# SILVERY ECHOES.

## WE PRAISE THEE, LORD.

G. GESSNER. H. G. NAGELL

1 We praise thee, Lord, In childhood's hap-py morn-ing,
2 In joy - ful strain, With youthful voic-es blend-ing,
3 With hearts a - glow, We sing the sim-ple sto - ry,
4 We glad - ly raise The an - them of sal - va - tion,

In sweet ac - cord Thy love our hearts a - dorn - ing,
In glad re - frain To heav - en now as - cend - ing.
And prais - es, too, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry.
To crown our praise With fer - vent ad - o - ra - tion.

CHORUS.

We praise thee, Lord, We praise thee, Lord.

Rev. J. M. LYONS.

# SILVERY ECHOES.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Ov-er all our hap-py land, Up from many a youthful band,
To our Fa-ther in the skies,

2. Here we learn from teachers dear, Joyous words of Gospel cheer.
Peace and par-don through his name,

SEMI-CHORUS.

Praise him,
Grate - ful,

Hark! what happy sonnets rise.
Who to seek and save us came.

Praise him, praise him, sweet the song,
Grateful, grateful songs of love,

FINE.

ff CHORUS.

Silvery echoes shall prolong;
'Mid the sunbright hills above.

Silvery echoes meet,

Echoes.

Echoes clear and sweet.

Echoes.

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*D.S.* SEMI CHORUS.

*ff*

Echoes meet, Echoes, Echoes sweet. Echoes.

# LITTLE PILGRIMS.

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. (Marching Song.) J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 We are little Pilgrims, Marching ev'ry day; In the Saviour's footsteps,
2 We are little Pilgrims, Led by Jesus' hand To a home in heaven,
3 We are little Pilgrims: When our journey's o'er, We shall rest with Jesus

In the nar-row way.
In that hap-py land.
On that golden shore.
} We are lit-tle Pilgrims, Happy lit-tle

Pilgrims, We are lit-tle Pil-grims, On our journey home.

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# MY BIBLE, OH, TREASURE DIVINE.

Rev. J. M. LYONS. HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.

1 Like the stars of light, So the Scrip-tures bright Be-
2 Oh, pa-rent-al love, Gift from Heaven a-bove, That
3 Lord, to thee be praise For thy gifts of grace Through

fore my eyes ap-pear; Bless-ed hand that gave Prec-ious
taught me in my youth Still to love thee, Lord, And to
truth to us re-vealed; May these hearts of ours, And may

CHORUS.

truth to save From guilt and doubt and fear.
prize thy word, And practise ho-ly truth.
all our powers Be thine entirely sealed.
} My Bi-ble, my Bi-ble, Oh,

treas-ure di-vine, Deep well-spring of pleasure, Thou ever art mine.

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EMMA PITT. DUET. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Room in thine arms, dear Je - sus, For lit - tle ones like me;
2 Room in thine arms, dear Je - sus: Why should I stay a - way?
3 Room in thine arms, dear Je - sus, As in the days of old;
4 And when we meet thee, Sa - viour, In yon bright happy home,

I'll go to thee, dear Sa - viour, Where I shall hap - py be.
With words of love so ten - der, Thou bidst me come to - day.
While thou so sweet - ly call - est, I'll en - ter in thy fold.
In thy dear arms thou'lt fold us, For there is ev - er room.

CHORUS.

Room in the arms of Je - sus, Room for me, room for me;

Room in the arms of Je - sus For lit - tle ones like me.

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# REDEEMED.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Redeemed! redeemed! how precious to know The debt is paid and
2 Redeemed! redeemed from bondage and chain; And sin shall ne'er en-
3 Redeemed! redeemed by purchase di - vine; My Lord and Sa-viour,
4 Redeemed! redeemed! the fountain is free; It cleansed, yes, cleansed, a

CHORUS.

nothing I owe.
slave me a - gain.
now I am thine.
sin - ner like me.
} Hal-le- lu - jah, hal- le - lu - jah, my soul is free!

Thou, Saviour, hast died to ran-som me. Thy par-don-ing blood now

cov - ers my soul, And it washes and cleanses me,—makes me whole.

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E. A. BARNES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

SOLO. SEMI CHORUS.

1 I love to come to the Sunday-school, To one and all so free;
2 I love to be in the Sunday-school, And to his words attend;
3 I love to sing in the Sunday-school The songs of gospel love;

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

'Tis here I learn of the Saviour's love, That did so much for me.
'Tis sweet to know that the Son of God Is still the children's Friend,
And I will work for the Master's cause, That I may sing a-bove.

CHORUS.

Oh, I love the Sunday-school; I am glad I came to-day;

'Tis the place for me when the Sabbath comes, And I will not stay a-way.

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# DRAW ME NEARER.

EMMA PITT. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Saviour, up in heaven a-bove, Take a lit - tle, tim - id dove;
2 Thou so pure and un - de-filed, Make me ho - ly, meek, and mild;
3 I am nee - dy, sin - ful too; All my in - ner heart re-new;
4 Ev - er make me sweet and kind, Of a firm, o - bedient mind;

Let my wea - ry pin - ions rest, Je - sus, on thy lov-ing breast.
All my sins do thou re-move; Let me nes - tle in thy love.
Je - sus, I would come to thee; Ev - er true and gen-tle be.
I am young and apt to stray; Keep me, Sa-viour, in thy way.

CHORUS.

Draw me near-er, near - er, Sa - viour, to thy lov-ing breast;

Keep me clos-er, clos - er To the Ha - ven of my rest.

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Rev. J. M. LYONS. D. F. HODGES.

*Ladies voices.*

1 Come, let us sing of Je - sus; No song can be so sweet
2 Come, let us praise our Je - sus, Our best and tru - est Friend,
3 Come, let us work for Je - sus Un - til life's clo - sing day;

As that of his sal - va - tion, And vic - to - ry com - plete.
Who for us now is plead - ing, Whose love is with - out end.
And then, on an - gel pin - ions, Re - joic - ing, soar a - way.

CHORUS.

Singing and working for Je - sus, Blessings around us are poured;

Love is our mu - sic and sunshine; His name be for - ev - er a - dored

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# THOUGH I'M BUT A LITTLE CHILD.

J. S. N. Rev. J. S. NORRIS.

1 Tho' I'm but a lit - tle child, Sometimes rather rude and wild;
2 Boundless like the vast blue sea, Is thy ten-der love for me;
3 Changeless as great mountains, Lord, Is thy ev - er - last-ing word.
4 Help me, Lord, while I am here, Thee to serve with fil - ial fear;

My dear Sa-viour pi-ties me, Wants me like him - self to be.
On me thy rich grace be-stow; Wash me, Sa-viour, white as snow.
On thy prom-i - ses I rest, Ful - ly trust-ing,— I am blest.
Shed a-broad in me thy love; Bring me to thy home a-bove.

CHORUS.

Grant me, Lord, thy sav-ing mer-cy; Make me like that ho - ly Child,

Who once trod Ju-de-as' mountain; Always lov-ing, pure and mild.

# CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNY CROSBY. WM. W. BENTLEY, by per.

1 Close to thee, O Lamb of God, May thy spir - it hold me;
2 Close to thee, when weak and faint, Duty's path pur - su - ing,
3 Close to thee, O Saviour mine, Near thy cross a - bid - ing,
4 Close to thee, when earthly ties, One by one, are break-ing,

'Neath thy all- pro-tect-ing wings Let thy mer-cy fold me.
Let me feel thy circling arm All my strength re-new - ing.
I can brave the tempest's power, In thy love con - fid - ing.
When my soul to life a - new Glad and pure is wak - ing,

CHORUS.

Close to thee, close to thee, keep thy child for - ev - er;

Anchored firm- ly on the Rock, Sin can harm me nev - er.

# MEEK AND LOWLY.

C. E. L. C. E. LESLIE.

1 Je - sus, meek and low - ly, Ev - er will we pray,
2 We are lit - tle chil - dren, Work-ing for thy cause;
3 We will sing thy prais - es, Laud thy pre-cious name;

Lead us in thy path - way; Nev - er let us stray.
Ev - er make us mind - ful Of thy ho - ly laws.
By thy lov - ing kind - ness All our bles - sings came.

Some are sad and lone - ly, Burdened down with grief;
Teach us how to love thee,—How to serve thee right.
We are weak and sin - ful; Make us strong in love;

Come, O bles - sed Je - sus; Send them sweet re - lief.
That we may in heav - en Wear a crown of light.
Send thou now thy bless - ing To us from a - bove.

# OH, I KNOW A HOME AWAITS ME.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 I have learned of yonder heav-en, Where the many mansions be;
2 I have learned of robes of brightness, Which the holy an-gels wear;
3 I have learned of palms of vict'ry, Harps and crowns of purest gold;
4 I have learned to know my Saviour, And have felt his sav-ing love;

And I know a-mong the ma - ny, There is one prepared for me.
And I know one, bright and shining, Waiting for me o - ver there.
And I know they shall a - dorn me, When my Saviour I be - hold.
And I know a home e - ter - nal Waits for me in heaven a - bove.

CHORUS.

Oh, I know a home a - waits me, For a mansion bright and fair,

My own dear, be - lov - ed Sav - iour O - ver yon-der did pre-pare.

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# NEARER TO THEE, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1 Near-er to thee, bless-ed Saviour, To thy embraces we flee;
2 Near-er to thee, bless-ed Saviour, Thy sweetest smiles to receive,
3 Near-er to thee, bless-ed Saviour, Thy little children would hide:
4 Near-er to thee, bless-ed Saviour, Near-er to thy tender breast.

Grant lit - tle children a re - fuge, Grant us a shel-ter in thee.
We, like the faint drooping lil - ies, Need brightest sunshine to live.
We are so frail and so err - ing; Take us with thee to a - bide.
Hear us, thou Friend of the children; Grant us our humble re - quest.

CHORUS.

Near - er, near - er, near- er, bless-ed Saviour, to thee,

Near - er, near - er, near-er, bless-ed Sav - iour, to thee.

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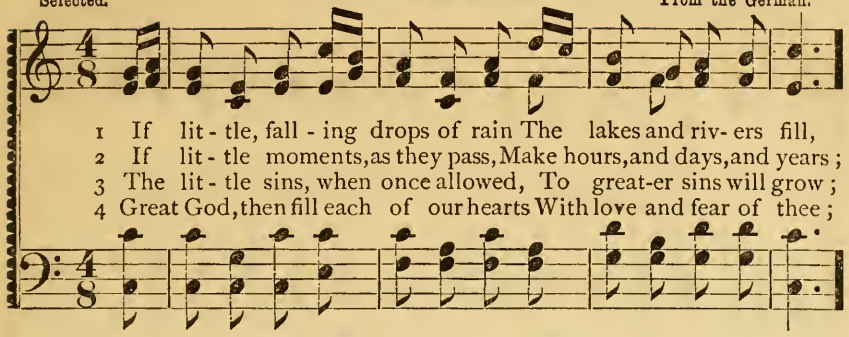
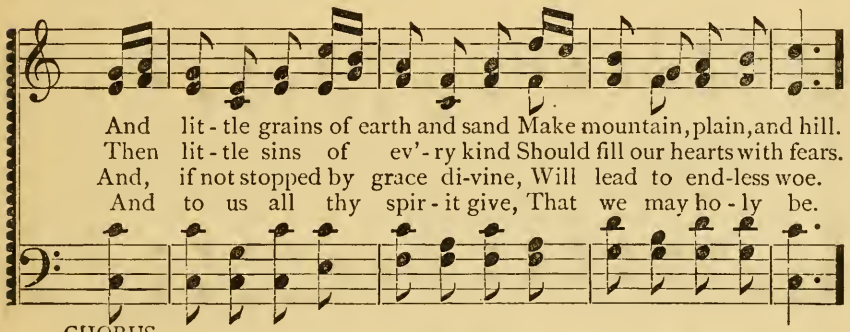
# LITTLE THINGS.

Selected. From the German.

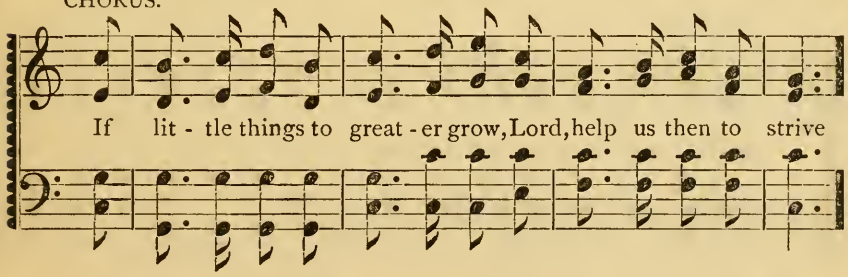


1 If lit - tle, fall - ing drops of rain The lakes and riv- ers fill,
2 If lit - tle moments, as they pass, Make hours, and days, and years;
3 The lit - tle sins, when once allowed, To great-er sins will grow;
4 Great God, then fill each of our hearts With love and fear of thee;

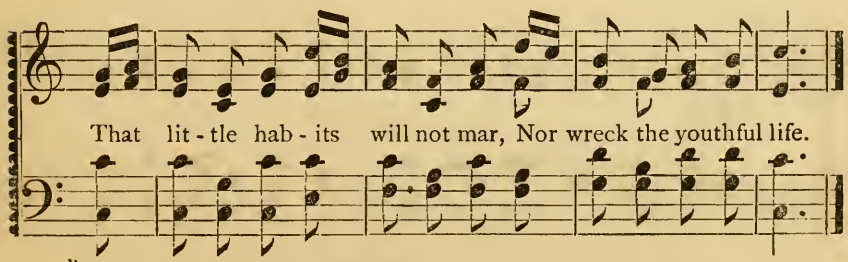


And lit - tle grains of earth and sand Make mountain, plain, and hill.
Then lit - tle sins of ev'- ry kind Should fill our hearts with fears.
And, if not stopped by grace di-vine, Will lead to end-less woe.
And to us all thy spir - it give, That we may ho - ly be.

CHORUS.



If lit - tle things to great - er grow, Lord, help us then to strive



That lit - tle hab - its will not mar, Nor wreck the youthful life.

B.

# I WILL PRAISE HIM IN MY YOUTH.

EMMA PITT. D. F. HODGES.

1 I will praise him in my youth, Fol-low in his blessed truth,
2 I can work for Je- sus, too; He will help me safe- ly through;
2 Come, my little friends, so dear, Come to Je - sus; nev- er fear;
4 More like Je - sus I would be; Have him ev - er dwell in me.

Je - sus now is re - con-ciled In his own dear, lit - tle child.
Guide me in my ev' - ry care: Hear my lit- tle dai - ly prayer.
Ear- ly leave the paths of sin, If a home in heaven you'd win.
Oh, I love my Sav-iour now; Love at his dear feet to bow.

CHORUS.

How I love him, how I love him, Love him for his bless-ed truth;

I will praise him, I will praise him, Praise him in my days of youth.

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Selected. WM. GOODMAN.

1 We are coming, dearest Sa-viour, We hear thy gentle voice;
2 We are coming, dearest Sa-viour, To take thy guiding hand;
3 We are coming, dearest Sa-viour, From world-li-ness we flee;
4 We are coming, dearest Sa-viour, To crown thee ev- er King;

We would be thine for - ev - er, And in thy love re -joice.
To walk with thee to - geth - er, And in thy presence stand.
Thou al - so hast a wel -come, For children young as we.
And then with an - gel voi - ces, Thy praises we will sing.

CHORUS.

We are com - ing, com - ing, O thou blessed Sa-viour;
We are coming, coming, coming, coming, O thou blessed Saviour;
We are com - ing, com - ing, We hear thy gen- tle voice.
We are coming, coming, com - ing, We hear thy gentle voice.

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# SINGING FOR JESUS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. J. R. MURRAY.

1 Sing-ing for Je - sus, ju - bi - lant voi - ces, Heartil - y praise in
2 Sing-ing for Je - sus, tell-ing the sto - ry, Sounding his love in
3 Sing-ing for Je - sus, voi - ces of child-hood, Oh, how in-spir-ing

sil - ver - y songs; Sing-ing for Je - sus, na - ture re-joic - es,
ac -cents so sweet; Sing-ing for Je - sus, swell-ing his glo - ry,
min-gle their notes, Sing-ing for Je - sus, o - ver the wildwood

D.S. Sing-ing for Je - sus, Sing-ing for Je - sus,

FINE. CHORUS.

And in fit strains the cho- rus pro-longs.
Heav-en and earth in mel - o - dy meet.
On - ward and up - ward ev - er it floats.
} Sing-ing for Je - sus,

Sil - ver - y echoes sound dis-tant and near.

D.S.

Sing-ing for Je - sus, Ceaseless the strains greet ev - er - y ear.

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# HAPPY IN THE LORD.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Lit - tle chil - dren come to - day, Hap-py in the Lord;
2 Je - sus loves to hear our praise, Happy in the Lord;
3 By the Saviour's pard'ning blood, Happy in the Lord;
4 Then when done with mor-tal praise, Hap-py in the Lord;

D. C. Lit - tle chil - dren come to - day, Hap-py in the Lord.

We u - nite to sing and pray, Hap-py in the Lord.
He will keep us all our days, Hap-py in the Lord.
We are cleansed from ev' - ry spot, Hap-py in the Lord.
We shall wor - ship face to face, Hap-py in the Lord.

We u - nite to sing and pray, Hap-py in the Lord

CHORUS.

Here with tune - ful voic - es All in sweet ac - cord;

D.C.

Ev - 'ry one re - joic - es, Hap - py in the Lord.

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# THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 The Lord, my Shepherd, feeds me, And I no want shall know.
2 Thy rod and staff shall cheer me, When passing death's dark vale:
3 Thy goodness shall not leave me, Thy mer-cy still shall guide,

He in green pas- tures leads me, By streams which gently flow.
Thou, Lord, will still be near me, And I shall fear no ill.
Till God's home shall re - ceive me, For - ev - er to a - bide.

*Duet ad lib.*

He doth, when ills be - tide me, Re - store me from dis - tress;
My food thou dost ap - point me, Pre - pared be-fore my foes;
The Lord, my Shep-herd, feeds me, And I no want shall know;

*Full.*

For his name's sake he guides me In paths of righteousness.
With oil thou dost a - noint me; My cup of bliss o'erflows.
He in green pas- tures leads me By streams which gently flow.

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# ACCEPT THE GIFT I BRING.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Lord, I have brought my of-fer-ing, And laid it at thy feet;
2 Al-though the gift be ve-ry poor, Un-wor-thy to be brought,
3 'Tis but a hum-ble sac-ri-fice, And worthless that I bring;
4 I could not give thee less than this; I could not give thee more;

Re-veal to me if aught there be, That makes it in-com-plete.
To thy control I yield the soul, By thy re-demp-tion bought.
Yet thou wilt not the gift de-spise, For it is ev'-ry-thing.
Be mine to taste thy love and peace, Redeemed for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Ac-cept the gift I of-fer now, Re-fine my soul from dross;

And let me henceforth live to thee, And humbly bear thy cross.

# GOD IS EVER GOOD.

Translated from the German. From the German.

1 See the shin-ing dew-drops, On the flow'rets strewed;
2 See the sparkling sun-beams, In their laughing mood;
3 See the ti - ny streamlet Break the sol - i - tude;
4 See the lea - fy tree-tops Of the syl - van wood;

Glad - ly they are say - ing, God is ev - er good.
Joy - ous - ly pro-claim-ing, God is ev - er good.
With its rip - ples tell - ing, God is ev - er good.
Where the birds are sing-ing, God is ev - er good.

CHORUS.

Bring, my heart, in trib - ute, Songs of grat - i - tude;

While all na - ture ut - ters, God is ev - er good.

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. Master GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.

1 Come fol-low in the foot-steps Which Je-sus left for thee;
2 Je - sus for us has trav - eled The path of grief with-in;
3 And he has left bright foot-steps, By his ex-am-ple given.
4 Then fol-low in those footsteps, Which you may plainly see.

Those footprints, mark'd so plain - ly, May your ex-am- ple be.
He lived a life of sor - row; But yet he knew not sin.
If in his steps we fol - low, We'll rest with him in heaven.
Let Christ, by his ex - am - ple, Your per-fect Pat-tern be.

CHORUS.

Come fol - low in the footsteps Je - sus left for thee.

fol - low in the foot - steps

Oh, let the bless-ed Saviour Your ex - am - ple be.

Let the bless-ed Je - sus

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# EVEN ME.

D. H. KOCH. WM. GOODMAN.

1 Precious Je-sus, I am long-ing For a blessing, Lord, from thee;
2 Precious Je-sus, teach me dai- ly To be meek and humble here.
3 Precious Je-sus, thine for-ev - er Let me to the end en-dure.

Lend thine ear to my pe - ti - tion; Bless a lit - tle child like me.
Lead me in the path of du - ty; Guide and safely keep me there.
Thou wilt give me grace to conquer; Keep me ho-ly, good and pure.

E - ven me, e - ven me; Let thy bless -ing come to me.
E - ven me, e - ven me; Let me never stray from thee.
E - ven me, e - ven me; For thou, Sa-viour, lov-est me.

E - ven me, e - ven me; Let thy bless-ing come to me.
E - ven me, e - ven me; Let me nev - er stray from thee.
E - ven me, e - ven me; For thou, Saviour, lov-est me.

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Selected. Arr. from the German.

*Earnestly.*

1 To thee, our heavenly Father, Our grate - ful songs we raise,
With glad-some hearts and voices, Thy ho - ly name to praise.
2 We bring our hearts an off'ring To thee, our Sa - viour King.
Teach us, thou dear Re-deem-er, Thy prais - es here to sing.

3 Oh, guide us, bless - ed Spir - it, And grant us heavenly food;
So that the Ho - ly Scriptures By us be un - derstood.
4 O Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Thrice blessed Three in One,
Grant us that we in - her- it The king-dom, all thine own.

CHORUS.

Oh, grant us now thy presence, While we to-day have come

To wor - ship thee to-geth-er In our dear Sabbath home.

# TEACH US MORE OF THEE.

Mrs E. E MILLET. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1 We're a band of lit - tle chil - dren, Hap - py
2 Teach us more of thee, dear Sa - viour, Who the
3 Help us, too, thou ten - der Shep - erd, Thine own

in our Fa-ther's care; Trust-ing in our prec - ious
lit - tle chil - dren blest; We have learned, and feel so
lit - tle lambs to be; When thou com-est for thy

Sa - viour, And the Spir - it's guid - ance here. May we
hap - py, Thou did'st take them to thy breast. Lov- ing
jew - els, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee. Oh, for-

ev - er, may we ev - er, Rev'rent in thy courts ap-pear.
Sa - viour, lov-ing Sa - viour, In thine arms, oh, may we rest.
ev - er and for - ev - er, Ev - er- more to dwell with thee.

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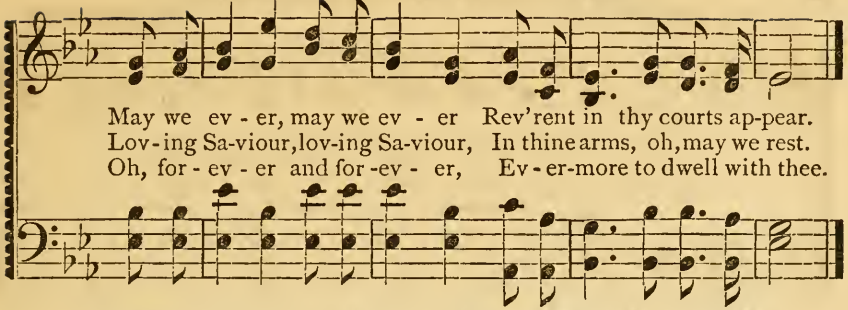
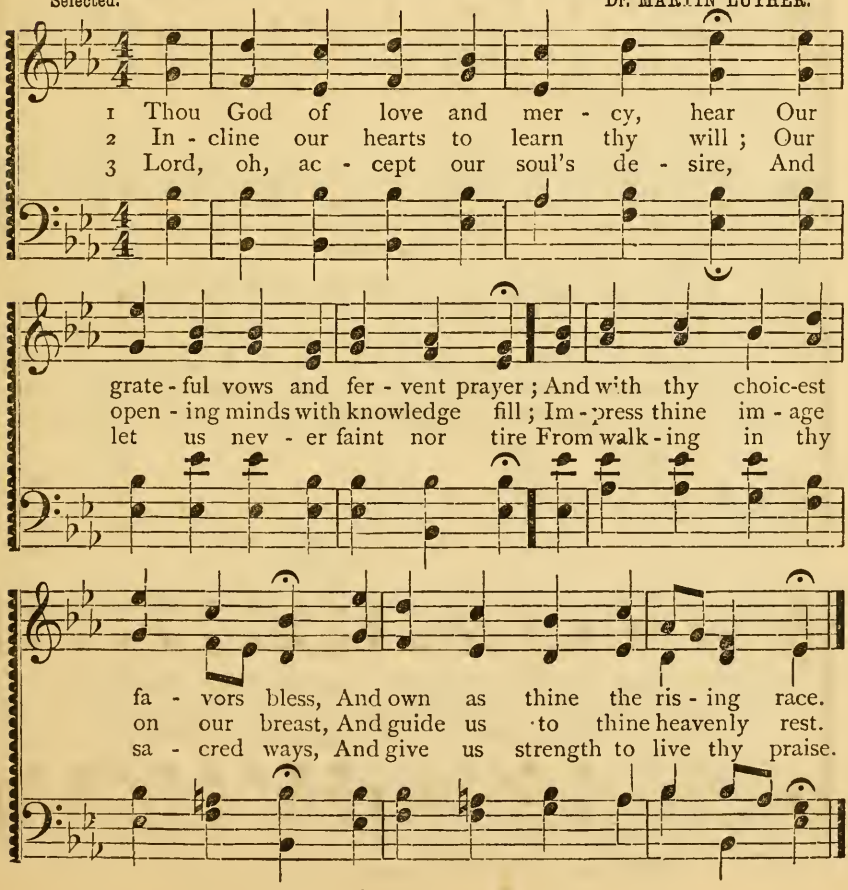
## TEACH US MORE OF THEE.




## THOU GOD OF LOVE AND MERCY, HEAR.

Selected. Dr. MARTIN LUTHER.



# THE CHILDREN'S SHEPHERD.

Rev. W. J. LUCKENBACH. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 He shall gath-er, kind - ly gath-er, and keep them for - ev - er,
2 He shall gath-er, kind - ly gath-er, aud keep them for - ev - er;
3 He shall gath-er, kind - ly gath-er, and keep them for - ev - er;

Lit-tle lambs which he loves to en-fold with his arms.
If one should e'er wan - der a - way from his feet,
Not a lamb shall be lost from the arms of his love;

As a Shepherd he'll feed them, And watchfully lead them, And quiet their
He'll out on the highway, And search ev'ry byway, And lis-ten un-
With his crook he'll defend them, And ever befriend them, Till all are safe

REFRAIN.

fears under ev' - ry a - larm. As a Shepherd he'll feed them, And
til he shall hear its faint bleat. He'll out on the highway, And
housed in his bright home above. With his crook he'll defend them, And

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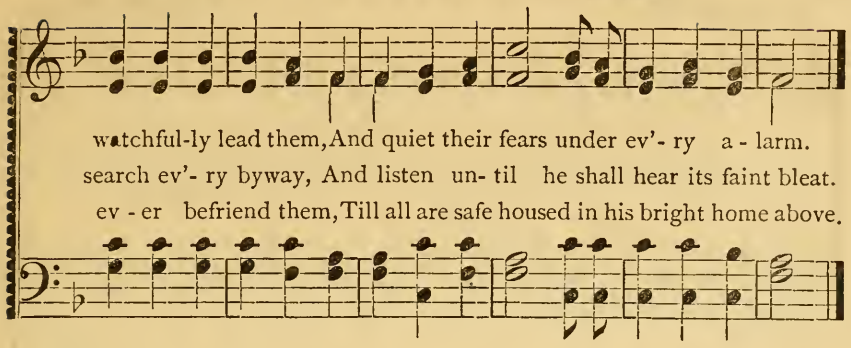
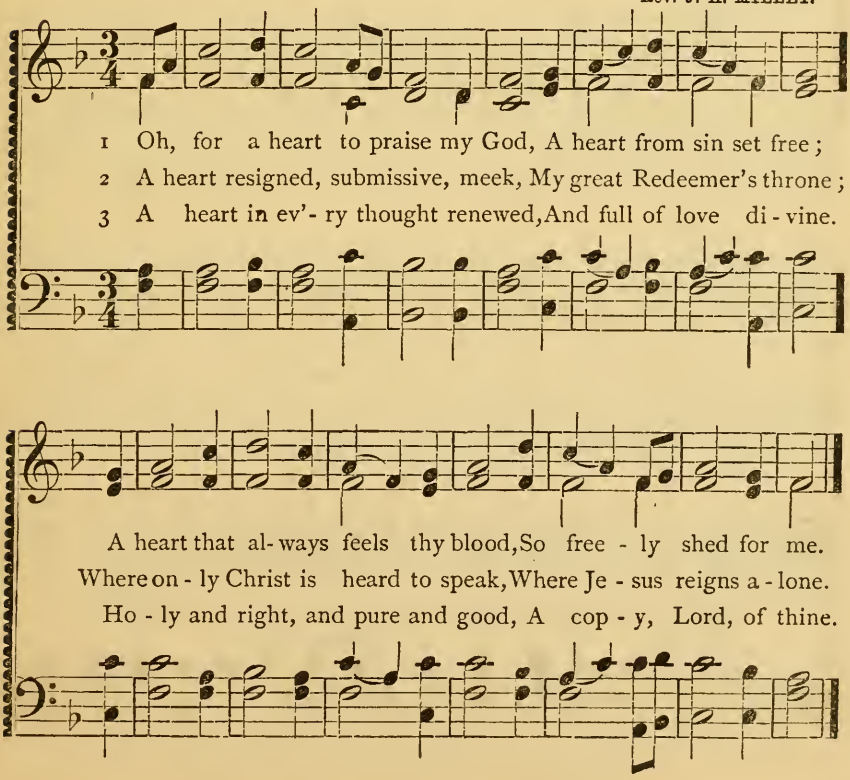



## OH, FOR A HEART TO PRAISE.

Rev. J. H. MILLET.



# EVER LEAD US BY THY HAND.

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Je - sus we would come to thee, Though such little ones we be;
2 Saviour, we would fol-low thee, And thine own dear chil-dren be;
3 Keep us ev - er close to thee We thy lit - tle lambs would be;

And to thee we hum-bly pray, Keep us in the nar - row way.
But our footsteps of - ten stray; Therefore lead us day by day.
So we come to thee and pray, Keep us in thy fold al - way.

CHORUS.

Ev - er lead us by thy hand, Till we reach the heavenly land.

Till we reach the heavenly land, There to find a home with thee

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J. H. KURZENKNABE. H. S. PERKINS.

1 Look on us, lov - ing Sa - viour, And show thy smiling face ;
2 We hum- bly make con-fes - sion Of all our sins and shame ;
3 We ask thee, Lord, be -liev- ing Thou sure - ly wilt give heed ;
4 And dai - ly from temp-ta - tion Pre - serve us by thy power ;

Be-stow thy roy - al fa - vor, And grant thy pard'ning grace.
Lord, show us thy com-pas - sion; We ask, in Je - sus' name.
And keep us hence from griev-ing In thought, in word, and deed.
And grant thy full sal - va - tion, Lord, in our dy - ing hour.

CHORUS.

Hear us, thou ev - er-gracious Friend, Show pit-y from on high ;

On thee our hopes of heav'n depend ; Without thee, we must die.

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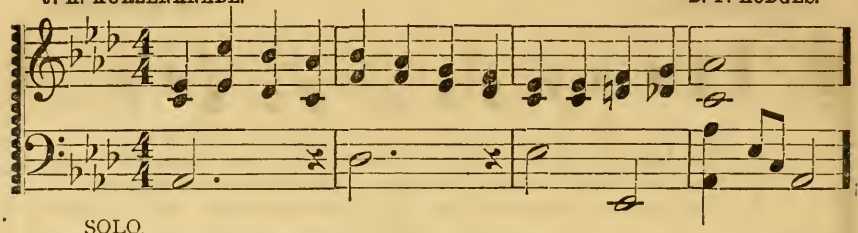
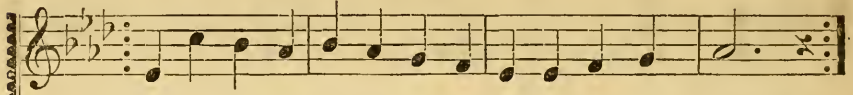
# 34 KEEP ME SAFE, THOU LOVING FRIEND.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. D. F. HODGES.



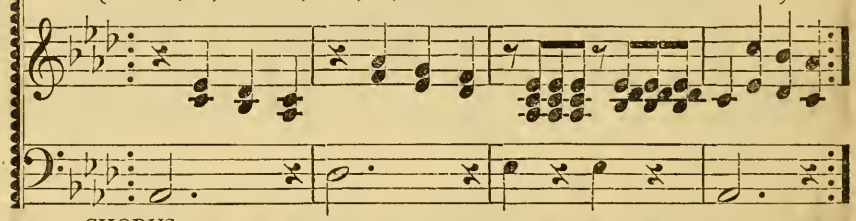
SOLO.



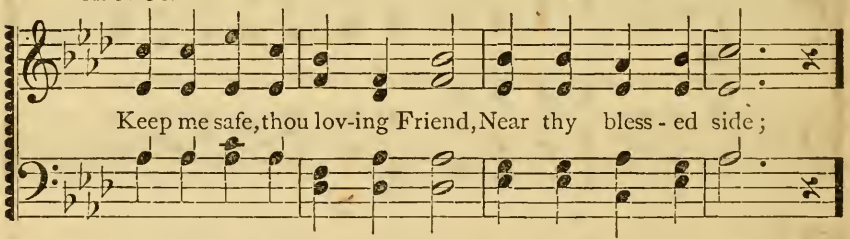
1 Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Hear thy child to - day:
Watch thou o'er me, watch thou o'er me, Lest I go a - stray.

2 Lord, forgive me, Lord, forgive me, Make me pure with - in:
Help me dai - ly, help me dai - ly, That I do not sin.

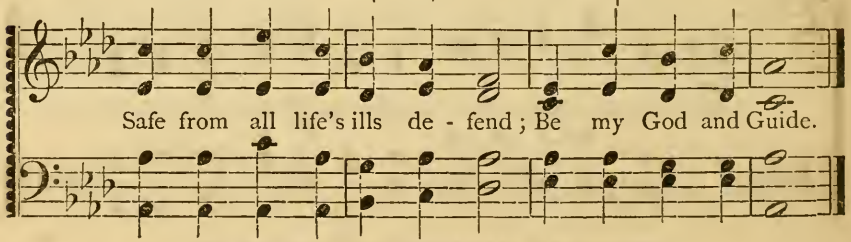
3 Be thou near me, be thou near me In life's e - ven - tide:
Then, oh, take me, then, oh, take me With thee to a - bide.



CHORUS.



Keep me safe, thou lov-ing Friend, Near thy bless - ed side;



Safe from all life's ills de - fend; Be my God and Guide.

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J. W. S. J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

1 We'll remember our Cre - a - tor In the ear - ly days of youth;
2 We'll remember our Cre - a - tor, And will always try to do
3 We'll remember our Cre - a - tor; He will be our tru-est Friend;

While the pearly dews of morn-ing Lin- ger round the path of truth.
Just the best we can to please him, Striving to be kind and true.
Al-ways in his law de-light -ing, We will trust him to the end.

CHORUS.

We'll re-mem-ber our Cre - a - tor; Joy.-ful -ly his word o - bey;

Follow-ing the footsteps of Je - sus, Ten-der-ly he'll lead the way.

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# A HOME IN HEAVEN.

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. Master GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.

1 I have a home,—a bright home in heaven ; My blessed Bible
2 It is a home,—a bless'd home of glory, So bright and glorious
3 This hap-py home to all will be given Who their dear Lord and

tells me so ; And there I shall dwell with my Saviour forever, When
and so fair ; And naught that is sinful, no pain, neither sorrow, Will
Saviour love ; Then come now to Je-sus and be ye for - giv-en, And

CHORUS. Oh, come, oh,

summoned to leave this vain world of woe.
ev - er be known, nor can enter there.
jour-ney with me to that home a - bove.
} Oh, come to this beautiful

come, Oh,

home, To the home on the bright gold - en shore; Oh,

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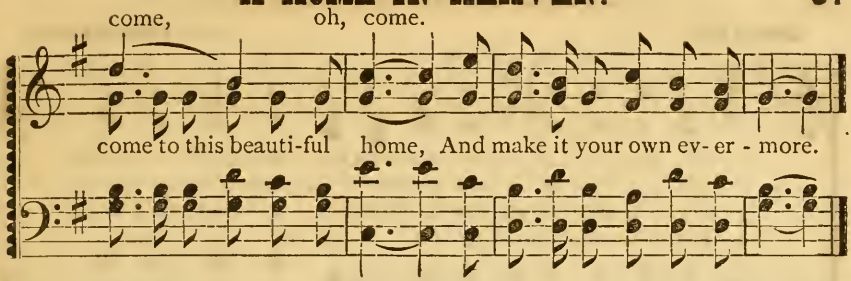
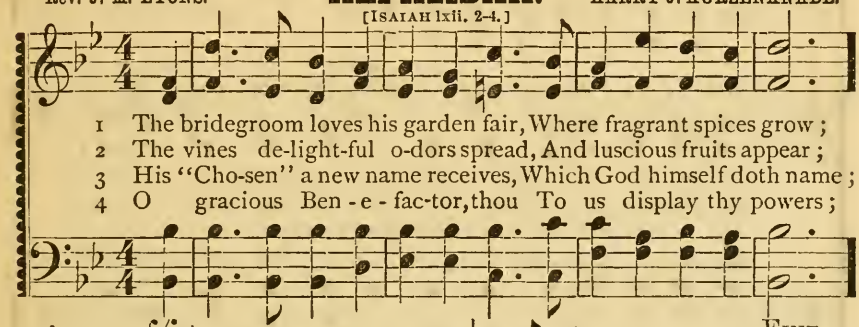


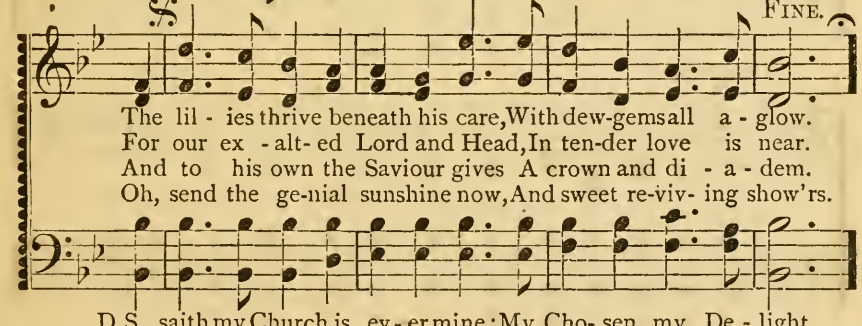

Rev. J. M. LYONS.

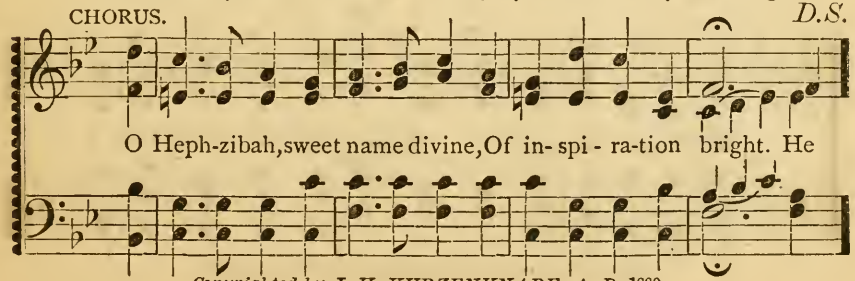
## HEPHZIBAH.

[ISAIAH lxii. 2-4.]

HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.

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# LITTLE ARMOR BEARERS.

EMMA PITT. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 We are lit - tle ar-mor bear-ers, Each with staff in hand.
2 Do you love us ar-mor bearers? Come, then, join our band.
3 We are holding up the standard Of a Sa-viour's love.
4 If you'll come and join our ar-my, And for Je - sus wait,

List-ed for the heavenly kingdom. Come and join our band.
We are young and tim-id sol-diers; Je - sus helps us stand.
See how proudly waves our ban-ner, Reaching up a - bove.
He will o - pen wide the por - tals Of the gold - en gate.

CHORUS.

Je - sus' lit - tle ar - mor bear - ers; 'Tis for him we sing.

Waving for him sweetest gar-lands, Then we'll crown him King.

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J. H. KURZENKNABE. Dr. J. R. CRESSINGER.

1 Sa - viour, help us to give heed What we do or say;
2 In our dai - ly walk we may Meet with lit - tle foes;
3 Je - sus, show thy smil-ing face; Watch with ten - der care;

For a lit - tle word, in - deed, Of - ten leads a - stray.
Lit - tle sins though small, yet they Bring us bit - ter woes.
Be thy - self our Hi - ding-place From each sin - ful snare.

CHORUS.

Lead us till life's jour-ney's past; Be our stead-fast Friend.

Lead us to thy- self at last, At our jour-ney's end.

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# LET THEM COME UNTO ME.

Rev. P. S. ORWIG. D. F. HODGES.

SOLO. *Semplice.*

1 We chil-dren now do glad-ly come To thee, dear Lord, to - day;
2 Thou art the children's Friend to-day, Just like in days of old;
3 We need not fear, but boldly come To thee, and learn of thee;

We know that thou for us hast room, For thou thyself didst say.
And wilt not turn a child a - way, But take it in thy fold.
And none can keep us from our home, Where thou wilt, we would be.

CHORUS.

*soli.* *tutti.* *soli.* *tutti.*

Let them come, let them come Un-to me; let them come

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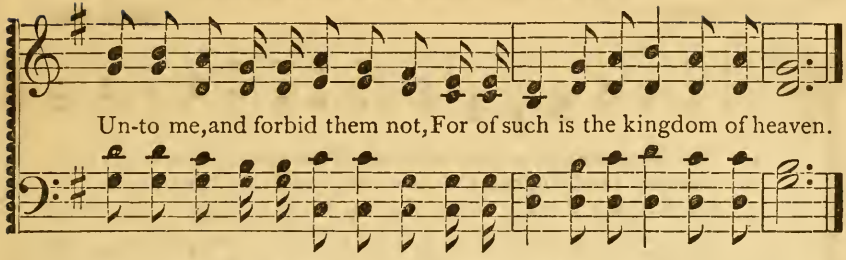
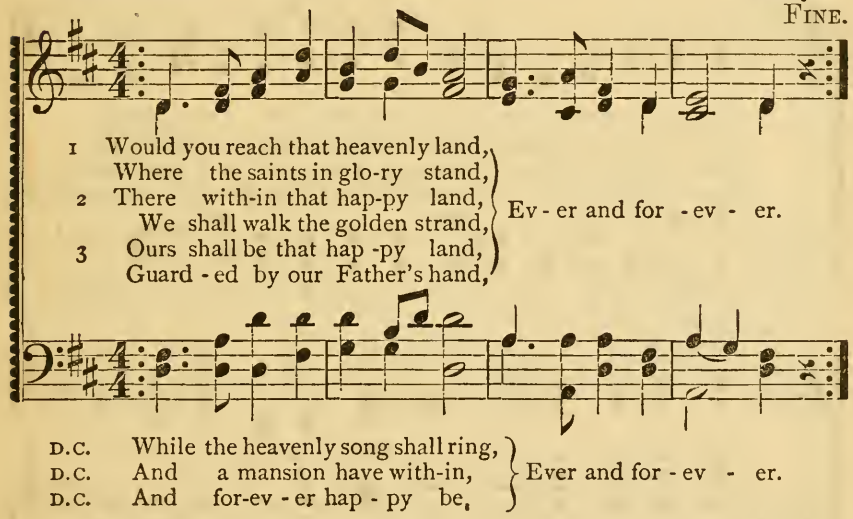
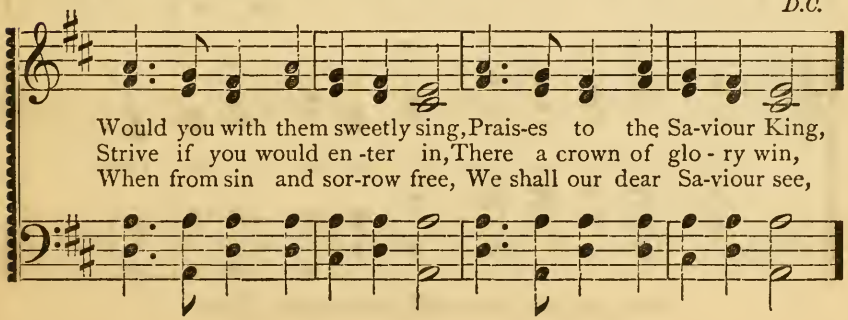



## THE HAPPY LAND.

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. German Melody.



# CALLING, GENTLY CALLING.

Rev. J. M. LYONS. JNO. J. HOOD.

1 In the midnight si- lent watches, What a wondrous voice I hear!
2 Blessed Lord, O great Cre- a - tor, How I won-der can it be,
3 There again I hear thee call - ing, In such tender accents near;
4 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth; Help thou me to understand;

Charming accents, sweet and tender, Music-like, salute mine ear.
He that built the star-ry mansion, Doth re-gard a child like me.
Here am I! oh, yes, I lis- ten; Speak, and I will gladly hear.
Here I wait to do thy er-rands, And obey, Lord, thy command.

CHORUS.

Call - ing, gen - tly call - ing, Wondrous accents, sweet and mild,

Call - ing, for he loves me; He loves a lit - tle child.

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Rev. J. M. LYONS. J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

1 Lov-ing and prais-ing our Je - sus: Oh, what an employ-ment is
2 Lov-ing and prais-ing our Je - sus; Yes, ev - en if sor- row should
3 Lov-ing and prais-ing our Je - sus, Our Saviour, and heav- en- ly

this! He from our guilt doth re- lease us, And
come, From ev - er - y trial he frees us, And
King; Yon- der the song nev- er ceas - es, And

D.S. Lov- ing and prais - ing our Je - sus; Ye

FINE. CHORUS.

o - pens the por - tals of bliss.
leads us so ten - der - ly home.
there sweet - est prais - es we'll sing.

Lov - ing and ransomed, as - sist in the song. Loving and prais-ing,

prais - ing, All who to Je - sus be - long. *D.S.*

lov-ing and prais - ing,

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# LIFE ABUNDANTLY.

Rev. J. M. LYONS. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 I saw the pear-ly dew-drops In sunbeams bright dis - til,
2 Thus, came the Lord of glo - ry, In mer-cy rich and free,
3 Thus, youthful hearts ex-pand-ing, That in the Lord be - lieve,

On sweetly blushing flowerets Their opening hearts to fill.
With life to give his chil-dren, Life more a-bundant - ly.
Ce - lestial dews and sun-shine A - bundant may re - ceive.

CHORUS. Life, life, life a - bun - dant - ly,
Life a-bun-dant, life a-bundant, life a - bun-dant - ly,
From the Fountain in the sky; Life life, In
From the Fountain in the sky; Life a-bundant, life for me, In

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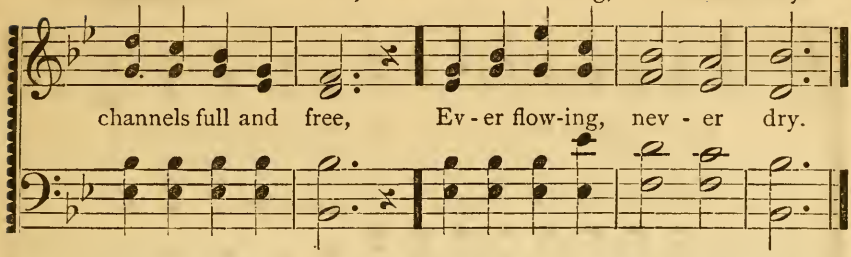
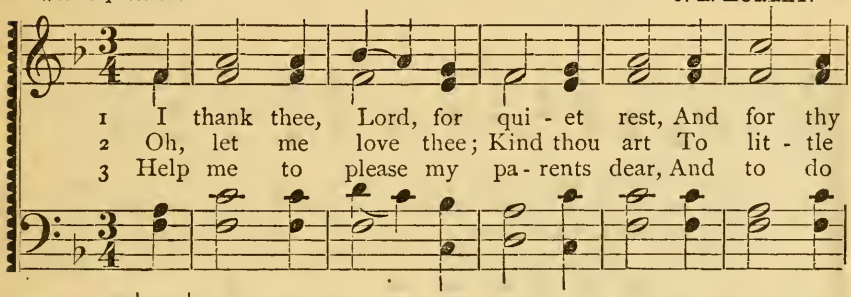
channels full and free, Ev - er flow-ing, nev - er dry.



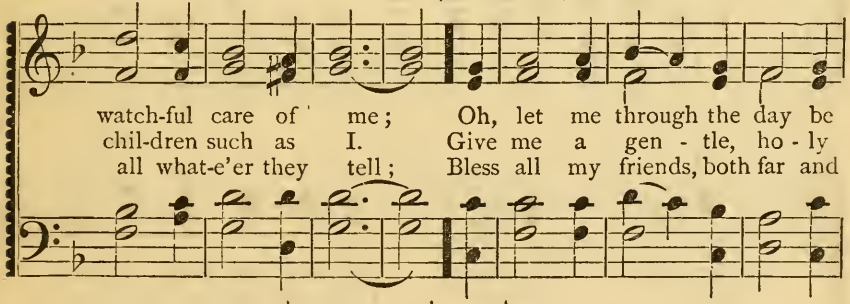
channels full and free, Ev - er flow-ing, nev - er dry.

## I THANK THEE, LORD, FOR QUIET REST.

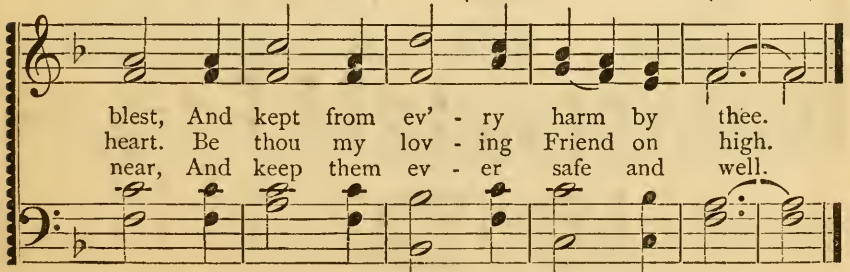
*With expression.* J. R. MURRAY.



1 I thank thee, Lord, for qui - et rest, And for thy
2 Oh, let me love thee; Kind thou art To lit - tle
3 Help me to please my pa - rents dear, And to do



watch-ful care of me; Oh, let me through the day be
chil-dren such as I. Give me a gen - tle, ho - ly
all what-e'er they tell; Bless all my friends, both far and



blest, And kept from ev' - ry harm by thee.
heart. Be thou my lov - ing Friend on high.
near, And keep them ev - er safe and well.

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# THE HOLY DAY OF REST.

O. F. LINDIG. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Lord, we would ask this ho - ly day Rich blessings from a - bove;
2 We cast on thee our ev-'ry care, That nothing may an - noy;
3 Help us to lay all self a-side, And wait our roy - al Guest;
4 Our Sabbaths here will soon be o'er, Then Jesus, our dear Friend,

To spend with thee in thine own way The day we dear - ly love;
To us do thou thy-self de-clare Glad tid - ings of great joy;
With us, dear Lord, do now a - bide; It is thy day of rest;
He'll call us home to yon bright shore, Where Sabbaths have no end;

*Repeat pp.*

To spend with thee The day we dear - ly love.
To us declare Glad tid - ings of great joy.
With us a- bide; It is thy day of rest.
He'll call us home Where Sabbaths have no end.

to spend with thee,
de-clare de - clare
with us a - bide,
he'll call us home.

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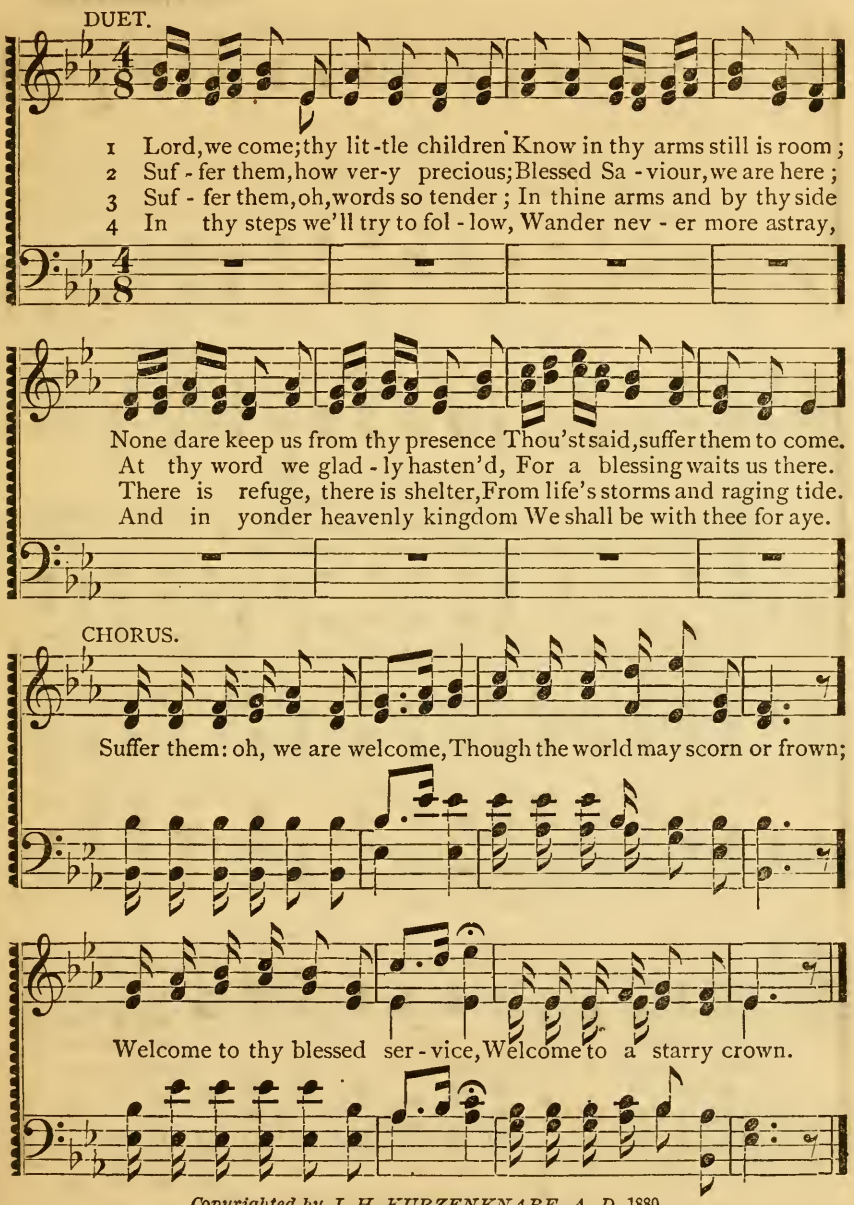
# OH, WE ARE WELCOME.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. J. R. MURRAY.

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# I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 I will not let thee go, Thou art so ver - y near to me; Thy
2 I feel thy love's control; Thy strength superior to my pain, Gives
3 With thee I mean to stay, Though I be all a - lone with thee, Un-
4 I dare not loose my hold, But cling more closely still to thee, Till

CHORUS.

name I long to know, That I may learn of thee.
pow- er to my soul My weakness to sustain.
til the break of day,—Un-til thou blessest me.
thou thy love un-fold, And tell thou'st died for me.
} I need not tell thee

who I am, So sin-ful, weak and frail; And thou thyself hast

called my name, With thee I must prevail, With thee I must prevail.

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# BRAVE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

EMMA PITT. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Brave Christian soldiers, gal-lant-ly march-ing, Joyful and bright, oh,
2 Your Cap-tain loves you, ten-der- ly loves you, Kindly he speaks to
3 March, valiant sol-diers, onward to glo - ry, Hearts ev- er hap - py,

sing all the way; Gird on your ar - mor, gird on your ar- mor,
all here to - day; Lift up your voi - ces, glad anthems raising,
hearts ev - er brave; Je - sus will guide you, vic- t'ry a-waits you,

Joy - ful - ly sing - ing, hear - ti - ly sing-ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is lead - ing, and you must o - bey.
He will be with you, and point out the way.
Je - sus is lead - ing and Je - sus can save.
} Cheerfully marching,

Lift up your hearts to your Sa - viour to-day.

*D. S.*

faith- ful - ly march - ing, Je - sus will lead you, all the bright way.

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D

# OVER THAT JASPER SEA.

NORA E. PARKHILL. C. E. LESLIE.

DUET.

1 O - ver the tide of that Jas-per Sea, Soft - ly a sweet voice is call - ing to me; Lov-ing and ten-der - ly call - ing me come,
2 O - ver the tide of that Jas-per Sea, Soft - ly the ac-cents are pleading with me; Pleading in gen- tle, me - lo - di - ous, come;
3 O - ver the tide of that Jas-per Sea Com-eth a vis- ion of beau-ty to me, An-gels are beck'ning a-down from the dome,

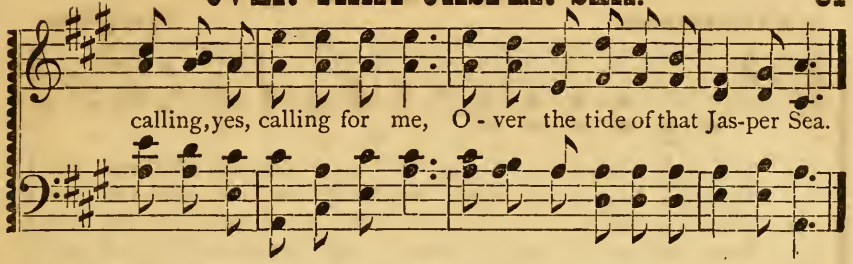
CHORUS.

Dear-ly beloved, why long - er roam.
Dear-ly beloved, why long - er roam.
Dear-ly beloved, why long - er roam.
} Call - ing, call-ing, yes,

*cres.*

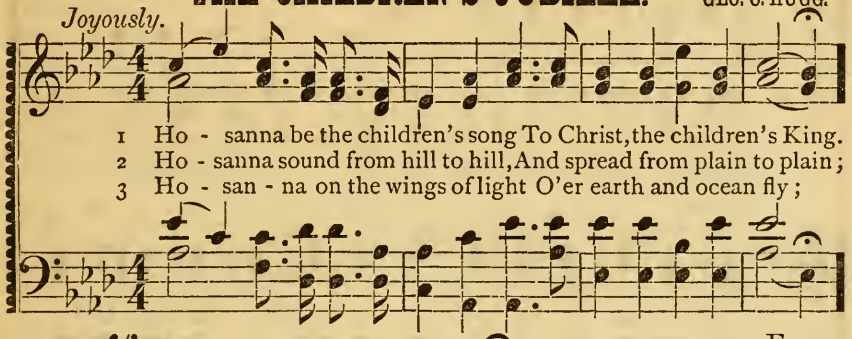
calling for me, O- ver the tide of that Jas- per Sea; Calling

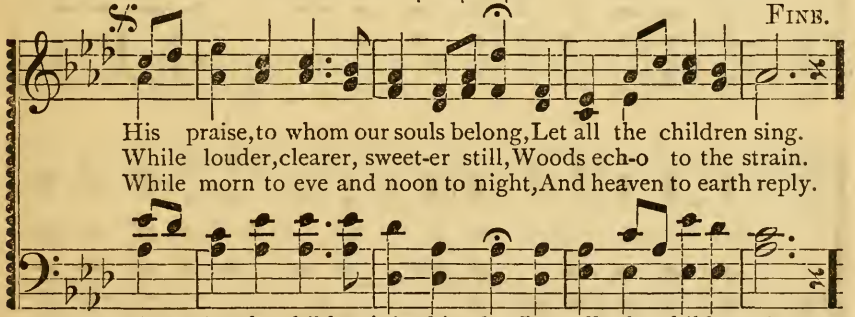
By permission.

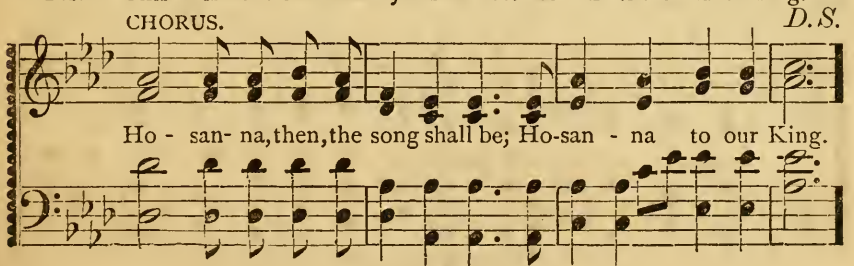



## THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

GEO. C. HUGG.

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# WILL YOU GO?

J. H. KURZENKNABE. German Melody.

1 There's a beau-ti-ful home, a man-sion fair; Will you go?
There's a heav-en-ly rest from toil and care; Will you go?
2 There's a mer-ci-ful Fa-ther's smil-ing face; Will you go?
There's a glo-ri-ous Sa-viour's match-less grace; Will you go?

3 There's a beau-ti-ful gate stands o-pen wide; Will you go?
There is in-fi-nite love thy steps to guide; Will you go?
4 There's a heav-en-ly throng who praise and sing; Will you go?
There's a rap-tur-ous song for thee to bring; Will you go?

CHORUS.

There's a beau-ti-ful robe and a crown for thee, And a man-sion close by the crys-tal sea; Will you go to that beau-ti-ful home? Will you go to that beau-ti-ful home?

JOEL SWARTZ, D.D. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Sa -viour, thou wast once a child, Ho-ly, harmless, un - de -filed;
2 Since on tender childhood's head Once thy loving hands were laid,
3 Suf - fer us to come to thee, Meek and low-ly, pure and free;

Humble was thy hu-man birth When thou camest down to earth.
All the children of the race Have obtained a nobler place.
Lit-tle children, Lord, we come; For us all, thine arms have room.

CHORUS.

Praise him, lit-tle children,
Praise his ho - ly name; Oh, come and join with one ac - cord;
Praise him,

*Chorus repeated pp. ad lib.*

Praise the meek and low-ly,
Praise him, pure and ho-ly, Come and love and praise the Lord.
Praise him,

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# HE LOVETH THE LITTLE ONES.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Lit - tle chil - dren,— how he loved them,— Pass - ing all the grown ones by; Just to raise the lit - tle chil - dren On his breast to let them lie:

2 Let them come to him and love him; Let them do his bid - ding sweet; He has ma - ny lit - tle er - rands Fit - ted well for lit - tle feet:

3 He it is who says he loves me, If I his com - mandments do! There are ma - ny he has left us, That are plain for me and you:

Do you think you would have loved him? Would have

Sometimes, what he says, is hard - er; Let the

Let this lov - ing Sa - viour, chil - dren, Teach and

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tried to win his smile? Je - sus' arms, to - day, will
rest - less feet be still; If the lit - tle heart is
lead you all your day; In green pas-tures, by still

take you,— Hold you all the life - long while.
pa - tient, That is do - ing Je - sus' will.
wa - ters, Guide you in the nar - row way.

Selected.

## ALL AMISS DO NOW FORGIVE.

FINE.

1 Je - sus, Saviour, Son of God, Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child, Make me humble, meek and mild,
2 I thy lit- tle lamb would be; Je-sus, I would fol-low thee,
Like of lit - tle Samuel told, Take me, too, with- in thy fold.
3 Lov-ing Saviour, lend thine ear; Ease my ev'-ry doubt and fear;
Show to me thy smiling face; Take me to thy sweet embrace.

D.C. Dear-est Saviour, help thou me More and more like thee to be.

CHORUS. D.C.

All a - miss do now for - give; Thine own lit - tle one re - ceive.

# CANST THOU TELL.

From the German. Arranged from the German.

1 Can'st thou tell how man - y stars are yon - der In the
Can'st thou tell how man - y clouds do wan - der O'er the
2 Can'st thou tell how man - y gnats are sport - ing In the
Can'st thou tell the man - y min-nows dart - ing Where the
3 Can'st thou tell how man - y chil - dren dai - ly Wake re-
Can'st thou tell how man - y birds so gay - ly Lift in

CHORUS.

blue and won-drous sky?
can - o - py on - high?
sun's warm sum - mer glow?
rip - pling wa - ters flow?
freshed by sweet - est rest?
praise their grate - ful breast?
God, the Lord, He has them

counted, And with watchful care sur - round-ed, He be-

holds and knows them all, He be- holds and knows them all.

Mrs. J. H. WITMAN. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Je - sus says, come un-to me; Let us take him at his word;
2 Closely fold - ed to his arms, He will keep us day by day;
3 Yet to -day, as when of old, Shall each lit - tle lamb be blest;
4 Saviour, here we come to thee; Help us wor -ship at thy feet;

Oh, how hap - py we shall be To be with the blessed Lord.
Here no fears and no a - larms Can o'er-take us by the way.
And with-in his ten-der fold All may safe - ly, sweet-ly rest.
To thy lov - ing arms we flee; Make our hap - pi-ness complete.

CHORUS.

With-out a doubt, with-out a fear, Take him at his word;

With-out a doubt, with-out a fear, Take him at his word.

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# THE CAPTAIN'S BAND.

VERSE 1.—A little boy marches to front of stage singing:—Standard, *Immanuel*. In chorus, march to opposite side in semicircle, and return. VERSE 2. Second boy joins first boy:—Standard, *Red Cross in white field*. Join in chorus, march. VERSE 3.—Third boy advances:—Standard, *Open Bible*. Joins first two in chorus, when a company of little soldiers advance to martial music, and, singing, join in march around stage. VERSE 4.—Face the audience, kneel in last two lines, rise in chorus, and while singing and with drums beating, march off stage.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 I'm a Chris - tian sol - dier, stand - ing for the right;
2 Faith - ful lit tle sol - dier, I would en - ter here;
3 Pass the word at - ten - tion all a - long the line;
4 Hear the cry of woe that falls up - on the ear;

Though I am but small, I'll bat - tle with my might;
For I love to be a gal - lant vol - un - teer;
Ev' - ry sol - dier read - y and in march - ing time;
Sa - tan's host ad - van - ces from a - far and near;

My be - lov - ed Cap - tain has ac - cept - ed me,
I have heard the call and va - liant - ly I'll stand,
At the or - der—For - ward, let each trus - ty man
Oh, thou heaven - ly Fa - ther, we would hum - bly beg,

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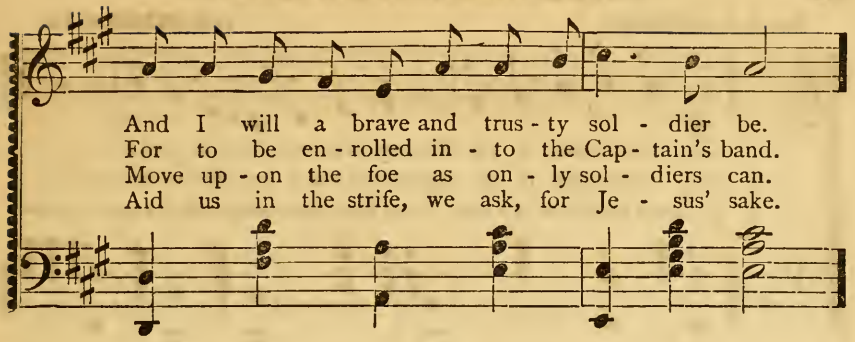
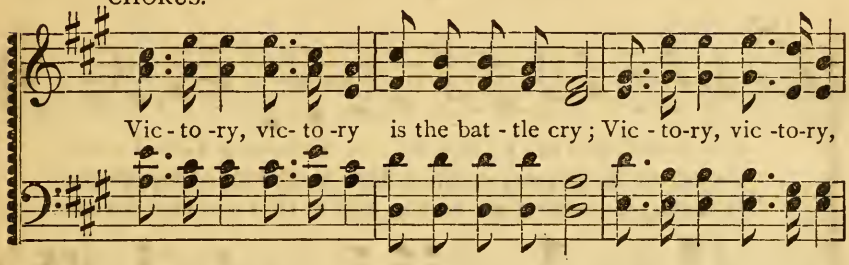
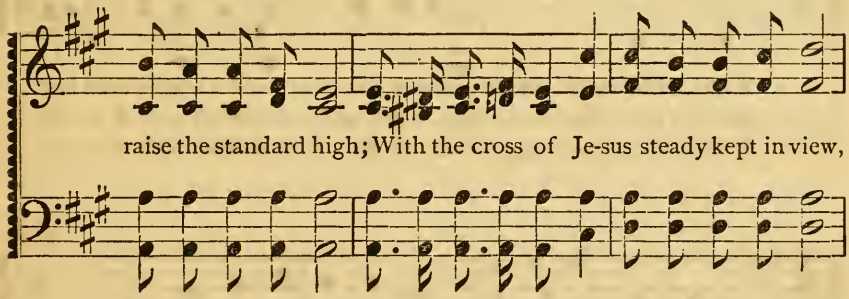
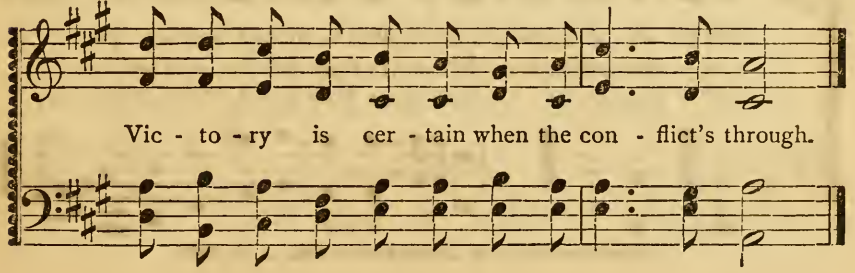

And I will a brave and trus - ty sol - dier be.
For to be en - rolled in - to the Cap - tain's band.
Move up - on the foe as on - ly sol - diers can.
Aid us in the strife, we ask, for Je - sus' sake.

CHORUS.


Vic - to -ry, vic- to -ry is the bat - tle cry; Vic - to-ry, vic -to-ry,


raise the standard high; With the cross of Je-sus steady kept in view,


Vic - to - ry is cer - tain when the con - flict's through.

# THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Oh, I won-der if the Saviour, Who was once a child like me,
2 Oh, I won-der if the Saviour, When a boy, was ev-er sad;
3 I have read how e-ven Jesus, Both in strength and wisdom grew;

Ev-er met with an-y tri-als In his home in Gal-i-lee.
Or was all his pathway sunshine, And his childhood days all glad.
How the grace of God was on him, And to God and man was true.

D.S. While, with Joseph and his mother, He once lived a bright-eyed boy.
D.S. Does he know just how to com-fort; Can he children's sorrow share.
D.S. Were his boyish cheeks, so rud-dy, Ev-er moistened with a tear.

*D.S.*

Did he ev-er know a sor-row; Was he robbed of an-y joy
Can he sympathize with children, In their childish grief and care;
But I won-der if his child-heart Ever shrunk with childish fear;

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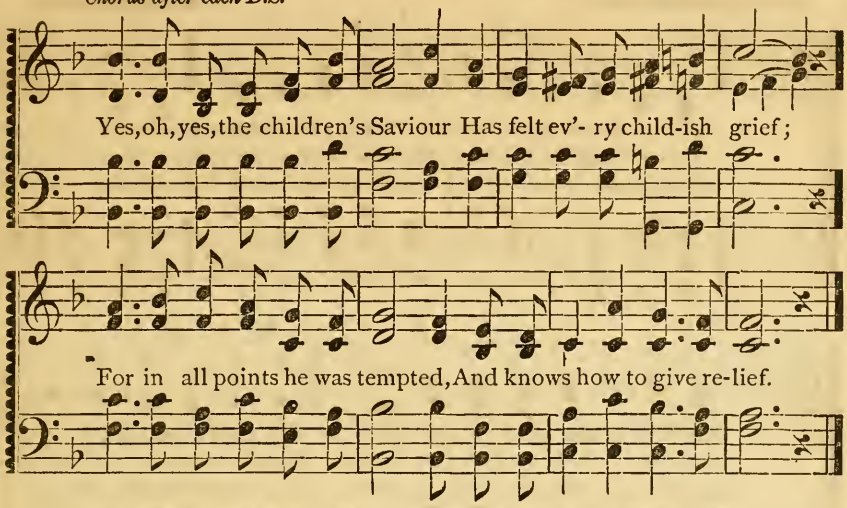
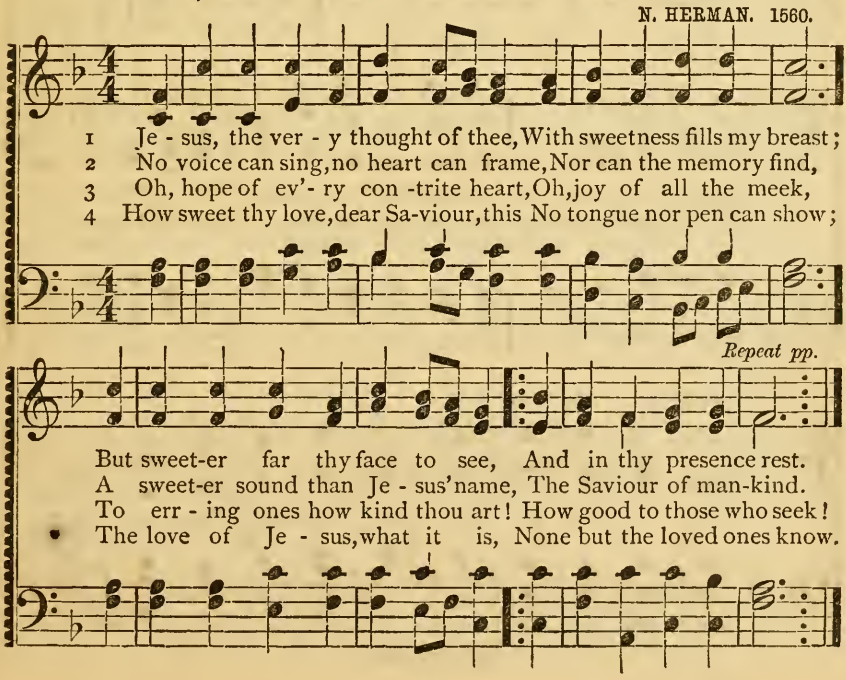
*Chorus after each D.S.*




## JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

N. HERMAN. 1560.



# NEVER BREAK THE SABBATH.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D. Rev. S. MORRISON.

1 Nev- er break the Sabbath ;'Tis God's holy day: Haste and put your
2 Nev-er break the Sabbath; He who came to save, Burst death's bars a-
3 Never break the Sabbath; Hark! the sweet church bells: Go and hear the

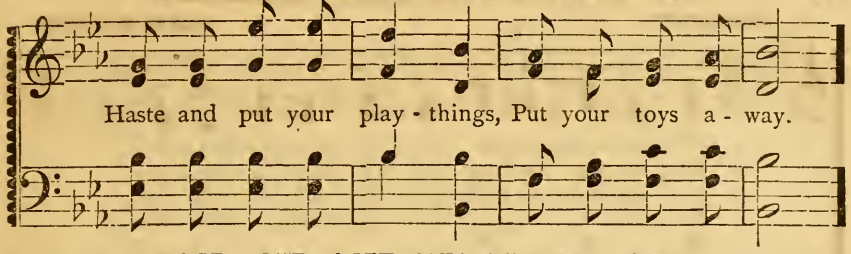
playthings, Put your toys a - way. Six days God has giv- en ;
sun-der ; Left to-day the grave ; Rose for us, in triumph,
preacher, As of Christ he tells ; Go, re-peat your les-son ;

One day is his own. Let that day be sa-cred To his work a-lone.
To his throne on high. Let the day be ho-ly ; 'Tis God's reason why.
Sing your gospel songs ; Never break the Sabbath ; It to God belongs.

CHORUS.

Nev - er break the Sab - bath ; 'Tis God's ho - ly day :

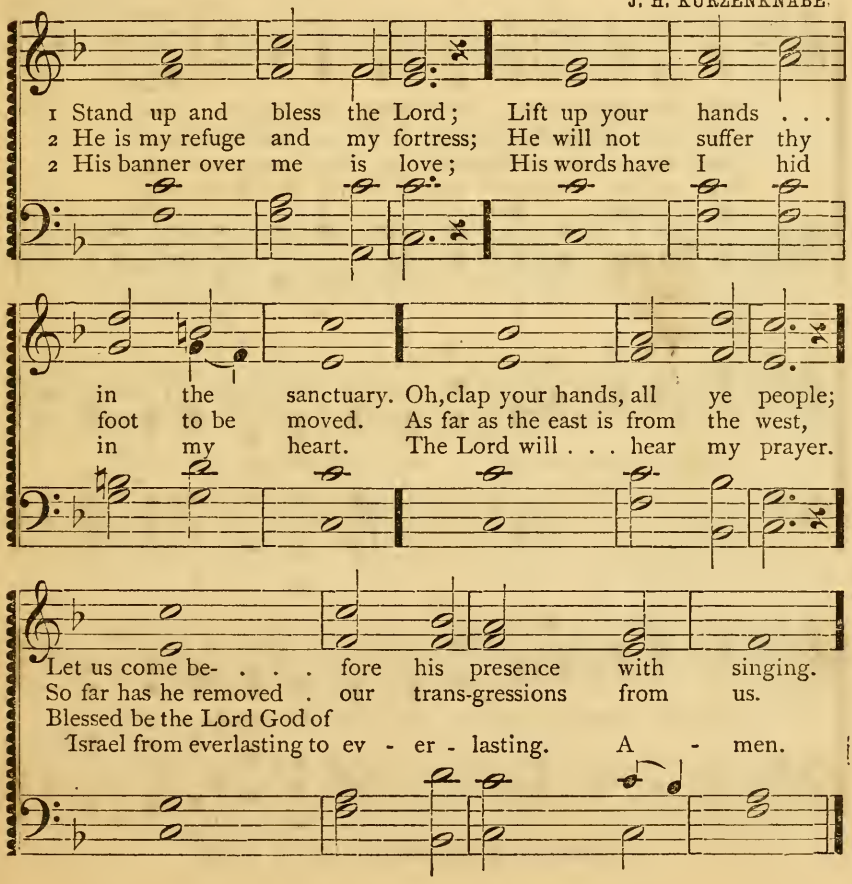
By permission.




## STAND UP AND BLESS THE LORD.

VERSE 1.—Stand up; lift right hand; clap hands; step forward. VERSE 2.—Look up, and point to heaven; glance at right foot; point east and west; show distance, moving right hand outward. VERSE 3.—Join fingers above head; clasp hands across breast: fold hands uplifted. Raise hands in attitude of blessing.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



# SING YOUR SWEETEST CAROLS.

EMMA PITT. FRANK M. DAVIS.

D.C. 1 Sing your sweet-est car - ols; 'Tis the chil-dren's day;
2 Thro'the air be ring - ing, On this Christmas morn,
3 See the lone - ly man - ger; It shall be the sign,
4 Hail with joy to greet him; Crown him as your King;

FINE.

Wake the hap - py mu - sic; Sing, oh, sing a - way.
Glo - rious tidings bring-ing Of a Sa-viour born.
Christ, the new-born Stranger; Je - sus, Lord di - vine.
Lord of life and glo - ry, Car - ols to him sing.

CHORUS.

Sing your sweetest car - ols; Sing, oh, sing a - way;

D.C.

Sing your sweet-est car - ols; 'Tis the chil-dren's day.

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LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. Master GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.

1 Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry; Listen to it once a - gain:
2 Lis - ten to the angels sing - ing, O- ver all Ju-de-a's plain:
3 Of - ten has been told the sto- ry, And in coming a - ges, will;

*After D.S., go to Full Chorus.*

How the Saviour came from glory, Wondrous Babe of Bethlehem.
Joy-ful news from heaven bringing; Peace on earth, good will to men.
Je - sus, in his heavenly glo - ry, Is our loving Saviour still.

D.S. Yet the old, the dear old sto- ry, Is each Christmas morning new.

SEMI CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Though he has returned to glo - ry, There to plead for me and you,

Dear old sto - ry,

*1.* *2.*

FULL CHORUS. Yet the old, the dear old story, Is forever new.
Go and tell it too.



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# CHARITY.

J. H. K. HAVE CHARITY TO ALL. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Though I speak with tongues of an - gels and men, In
2 Though I give my goods to th' poor, and in - deed Have
*After 16th Recitation.*
3 All will fail and tongues and proph - e - cies cease, And
4 We but know in part till we shall be known, For

knowledge and wisdom sur-pass; Having not sweet char - i - ty
faith e'en mountains to move; Having not sweet char - i - ty
knowledge shall vanish a - way; But the one sweet char - i - ty
now we but see through a glass; But of all the Chris - ti - an

I on - ly then Am tink-ling and sounding of brass, brass.
sure - ly I need The one the good Lord will approve, prove.
can - not decrease, Though heaven and earth shall decay, cay.
gra - ces we own, Sweet chari - ty leads face to face, face.

Recitation [*after the singing of second verse,*] by Superintendent and sixteen little scholars, each bringing up a letter and handing it to Superintendent, who places the same on a wire, stretched across the pulpit recess.

Supt. Charity suffereth long.
1st Scholar Advances. And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves, for charity shall cover a multitude of sins.—Peter iv. 8.
Supt. And is kind.
2d Scholar. Add to goodness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity.—2 Peter i. 7.

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Supt. Charity envieth not.
3d Scholar. Hatred stirreth up strifes; but love covereth all sins.—Prov. x. 12.

Supt. Vaunteth not itself.
4th Scholar. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.—Phil. ii. 4.

Supt. Is not puffed up.
5th Scholar. Knowledge puffeth up; but charity edifieth.—1 Cor. viii. 1.

Supt. Doth not behave itself unseemly.
6th Scholar. Be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.—1 Tim. iv. 12.

Supt. Seeketh not her own.
7th Scholar. Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.—1 Cor. x. 24.

Supt. Is not easily provoked.
8th Scholar. And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient. 2 Tim. ii. 24.

Supt. Thinketh no evil.
9th Scholar. Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts.—1 Cor. xii 1.

Supt. Rejoiceth not in iniquity.
10th Scholar. We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.—Rom. xv. 1.

Supt. But rejoiceth in the truth.
11th Scholar. I rejoice greatly that I found of thy children walking in truth, as we have received a commandment from the Father.—2 John 4.

Supt. Beareth all things.
12th Scholar. Bear ye one another's burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—Gal. vi. 2.

Supt. Believeth all things.
13th Scholar. Now the end of all is charity, out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and a faith unfeigned.—1 Tim. i. 5.

Supt. Hopeth all things.
14th Scholar. Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail.—Heb. vi. 19.

Supt. Endureth all things.
15th Scholar. And above all things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.—Col. iii. 14.

Supt. Charity never faileth.
16th Scholar. Let all your things be done with charity.—1 Cor. xvi. 14.

*School sing third and fourth verses, after which Superintendent recites as follows:*

| | Christian Graces. | Emblems. |
|---|---|---|
| Supt. | And now abideth Faith, | 1st Little boy plants a Cross on a mound. |
| | Hope, | 2d Little boy fastens an Anchor to base of Cross. |
| | Charity, | 3d Little boy fastens a Heart on breast of Cross. |
| | These three, but the greatest of these is Charity. | |

# SWEETEST PRAISES NOW WE'LL SING.

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. Master JNO. E. KURZENKNABE.

1 We are chil-dren hap-py in our Fa - ther's care, And he bids us that we come be-fore him. We will sing our sweetest songs of praise and pray'r, And with grateful, hap-py hearts a - dore him.

2 Here we learn of Je - sus and his won- drous love, Of his mer-cy and his roy - al fa - vor; How he came to earth, and left his throne a - bove, For to be for us a per-fect Sa - viour.

3 We are told there is a home beyond the sky, Which the faithful Christian shall in - her - it; And a mansion there awaits us when we die: We have learnt it of the Ho- ly Spir - it.

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CHORUS.

Sweet - est prais - es now we'll

Sweet - est prais - es now we'll

sing to our Lord and to our

sing, we will sing To our Lord and to our

King. Un - to him for all his

heav'n - ly King. Un - to him for all his

lov - ing care to his chil - dren ev' - ry-where.

# SAFELY HIDE ME.

J. H K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Pre - cious thought with com fort fraught, What -
2 Pre - cious love that gives me proof, Though
3 Pre - cious hope that bears me up, When
4 Pre - cious peace, in my dis - tress, When

ev - er may be-tide me; Je - sus gave his life to
all the world deride me, I have heard the pard'ning
sin and Sa-tan chide me; I shall know the way to
death's form stands beside me, From the strand he'll reach his

save, And he will safe - ly hide me.
word, And he will safe - ly hide me.
go, And he will safe - ly hide me.
hand To shield and safe - ly hide me.

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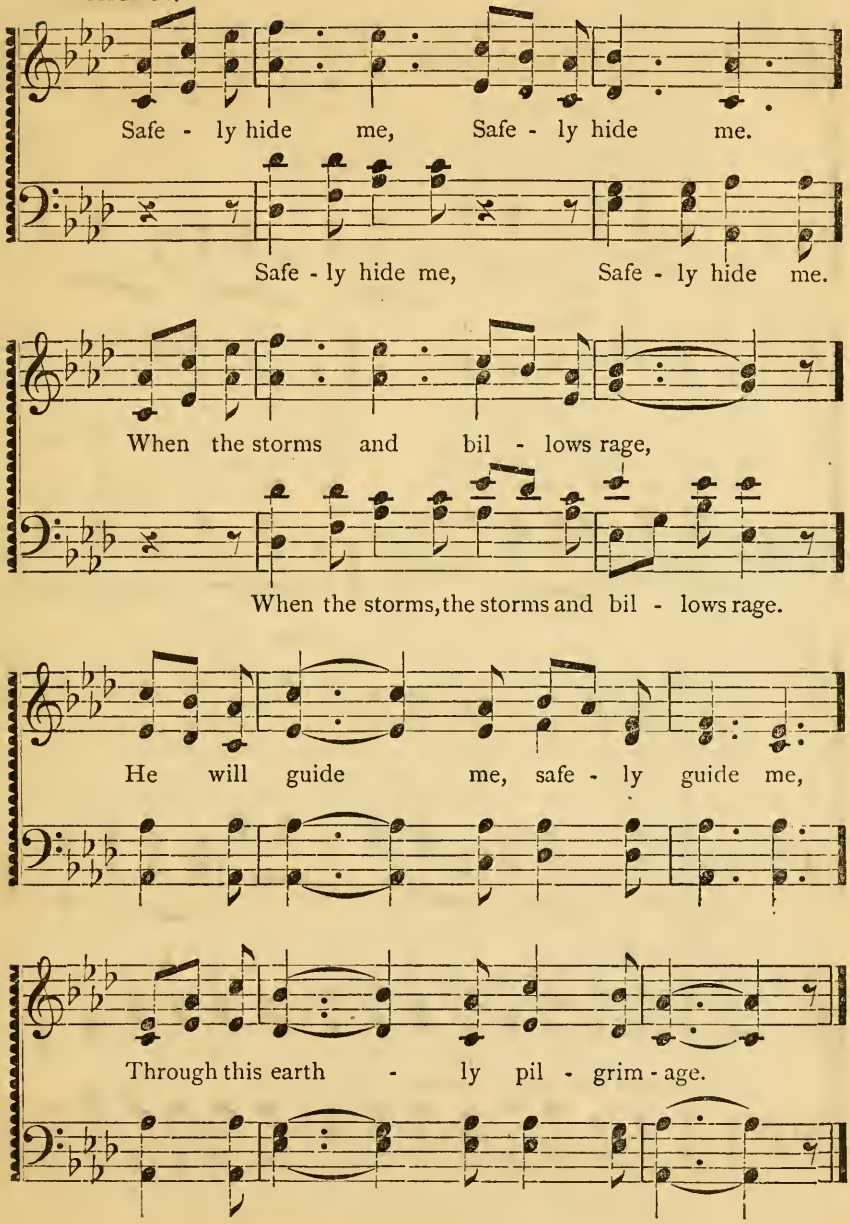
CHORUS.


Safe - ly hide me, Safe - ly hide me.
Safe - ly hide me, Safe - ly hide me.
When the storms and bil - lows rage,
When the storms, the storms and bil - lows rage.
He will guide me, safe - ly guide me,
Through this earth - ly pil - grim - age.

# JESUS, THOU LOVEST ME.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. J. R. MURRAY.

1 Je-sus, thou lov-est me; this much I know; I am so hap-py, I love thee too. Thou art my Sa-viour, and my steadfast Friend, And thou wilt love me true to the end.

2 Je-sus, thou lov-est me; this is my song; And all my praises to thee be-long; Thou hast a-toned for my ev-er-y sin, And call'd me thy love ear-ly to win.

3 Je-sus, thou lov-est me,—lovest me still, Though I may have such a treach'rous will; Thou watchest o-ver me, and by thy love, Wilt guide me safe to heaven a-bove.

4 Je-sus, thou lov-est me: ev-er-y day Close-ly be-side me, dear Sa-viour, stay; Be thou my Coun-sel-lor, what I shall do, And help me love thee steadfast and true.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, thou lov-est me; this much I know; I am so hap-py I

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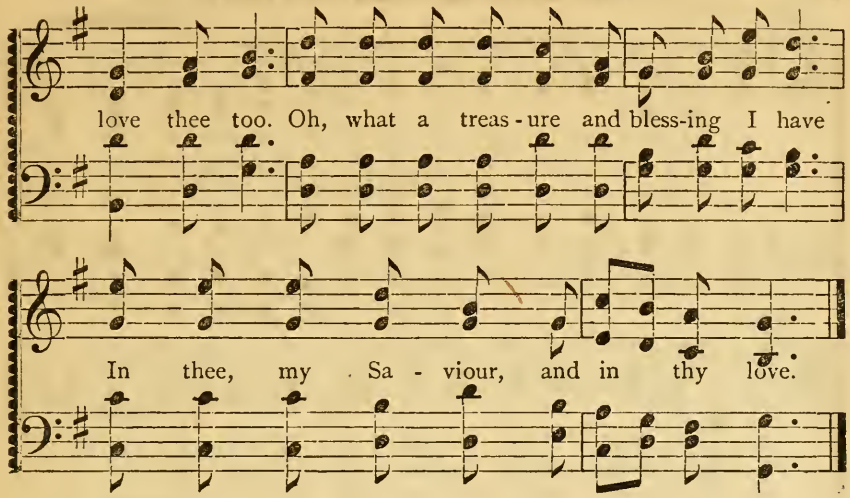
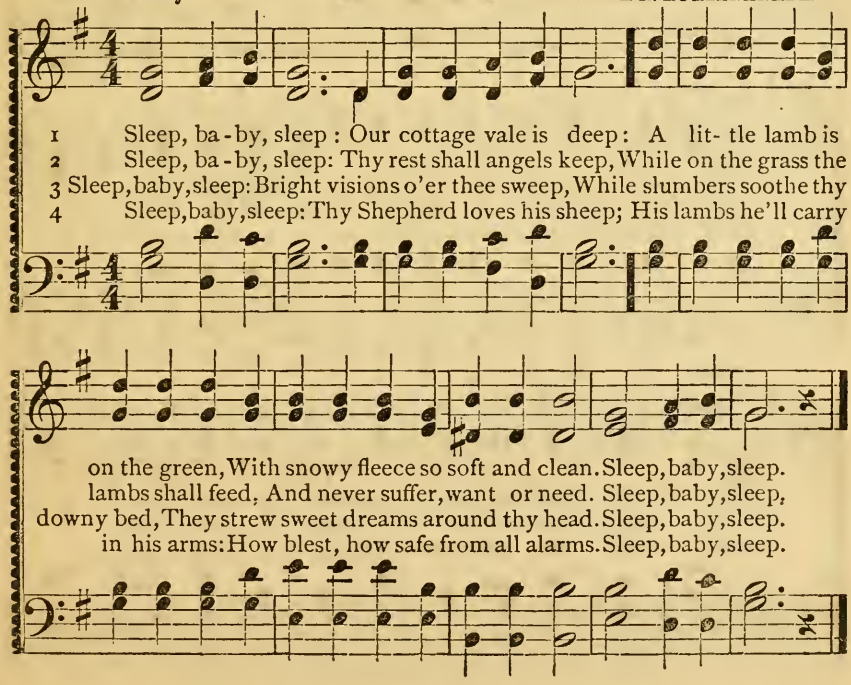



Favorite Melody.

## LULLABY.

ANNA R. KURZENKNABE.



# OH, WE ARE LITTLE WORKERS.

EMMA PITT. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1 Oh, we are lit - tle workers in the vineyard of the Lord;
2 How sweet will be the harvest when with Je-sus we'll sit down!
3 What-ev - er we are sowing, 'tis the same we'll al - so reap;

Our fruit will all be gath- ered by and by.
How sweet will be the har - vest by and by.
We'll hear our Sa-viour's welcome by and by.

by and by.

The an - gels will come reaping for the storehouse up a - bove;
When gath- ered in his gar-ner all our gold-en fruit we see,
Well done, brave lit - tle workers; en - ter now in - to my joy,

The an - gels will come reaping by and by.
The reap - ers will be singing by and by.
Will be the Saviour's welcome by and by.

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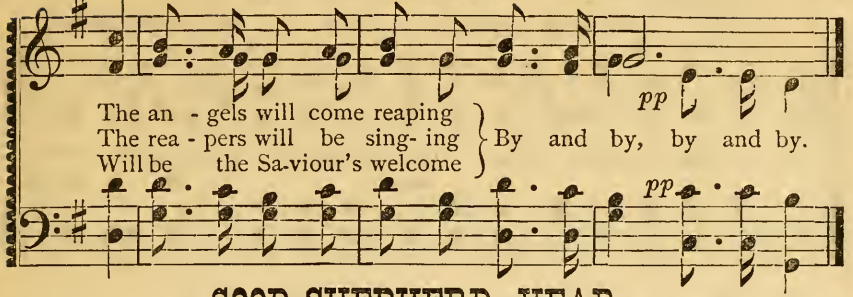


J. H. K.

## GOOD SHEPHERD, HEAR.

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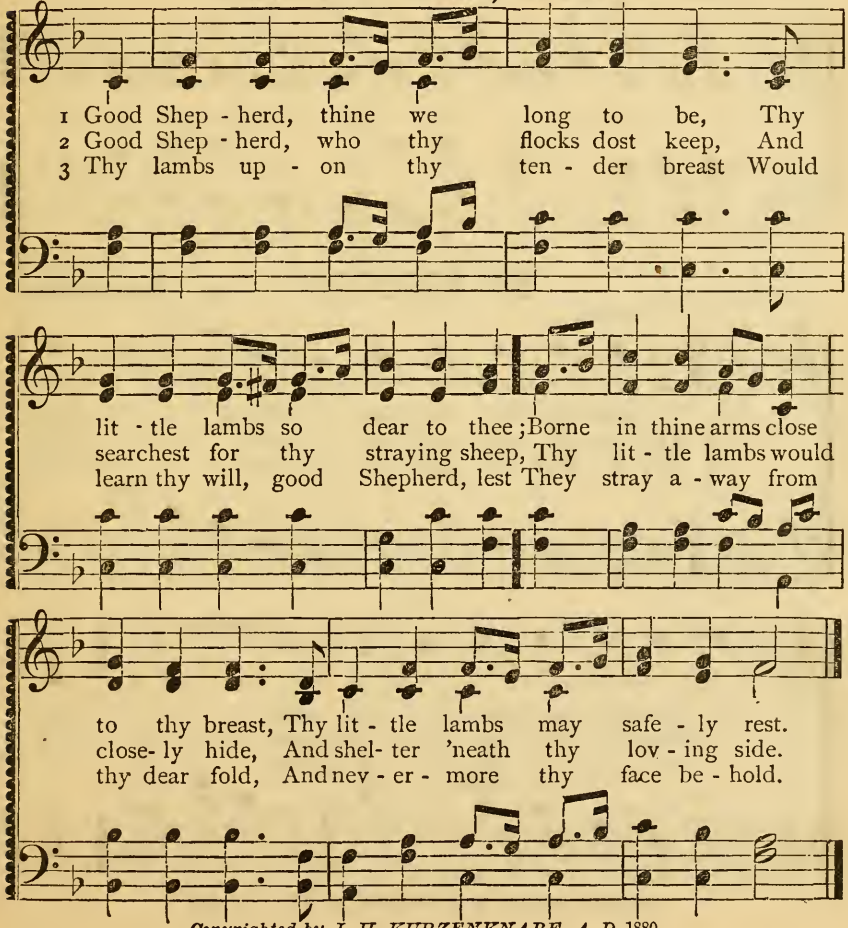


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# GOOD SHEPHERD, HEAR.

*Chorus ad lib.*

Hear thy little lambs, Ten - der, loving lambs;

Shepherd, hear thy lit-tle lambs, Hear thy tender lit-tle lambs,

Safe - ly would we hide Near thy lov - ing side.

Safe- ly would we ev - er hide Near thy lov - ing side.

# MY BELOVED.

Rev. J. M. LYONS. HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.

SOLO.

1 I know my Be - lov - ed is mine; He
2 His flock he will ten - der - ly feed Where
3 For us who are tar - ry - ing here, Where

claims me so fond - ly his own, In
fade - less the fair lil - ies grow; And
sea - sons so fit - ful - ly glide, Will

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heav-en -ly union di-vine, Sweet foretaste of rapture un-
lead in the glo- ri- ous mead Where fountains pe- ren- ni- al
He in his glo - ry ap - pear, And take us with him to a-

CHORUS.
Oh, com - fort! oh, rap - ture! my

known.
glow.
bide.

Oh, comfort! oh, rapture unknown!

heart will go out in sweet song; He claims me so

My heart will go out in sweet song; He claims me so

fond - ly, Thrice blessed, to him, I be - long.

fond-ly his own; Thrice blessed, thrice blessed, to him I be- long.

# OUR SCHOOL FOR JESUS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

Form in semicircle around altar. In second line of each verse use hand in following exercise:—VERSE 1.—Lift right hand. VERSE 2.—Point with index finger of right hand. VERSE 3.—Clasp hands, and kneel at "We humbly here." Rise in chorus.

1 Our school is all for Je - sus; Our lift - ed hands we here employ To show that ev' - ry girl and boy, With heart and hand can tes- ti - fy, That we are all for Je - sus.

2 Our school is all for Je - sus; We point to man-sions in the sky, Where our most cost - ly treas - ures lie, Where moth nor rust cannot destroy, For we are all for Je - sus.

3 Our school is all for Je - sus; With clasp-ed hands in rev'rence now, We hum - bly here be - fore him bow; And, one in Christ, re-peat the vow, That we are all for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Our whole school for Je- sus, All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus.

Our whole school, all for Je- sus.

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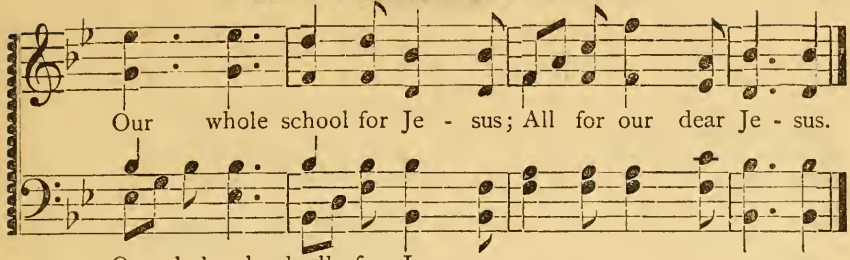
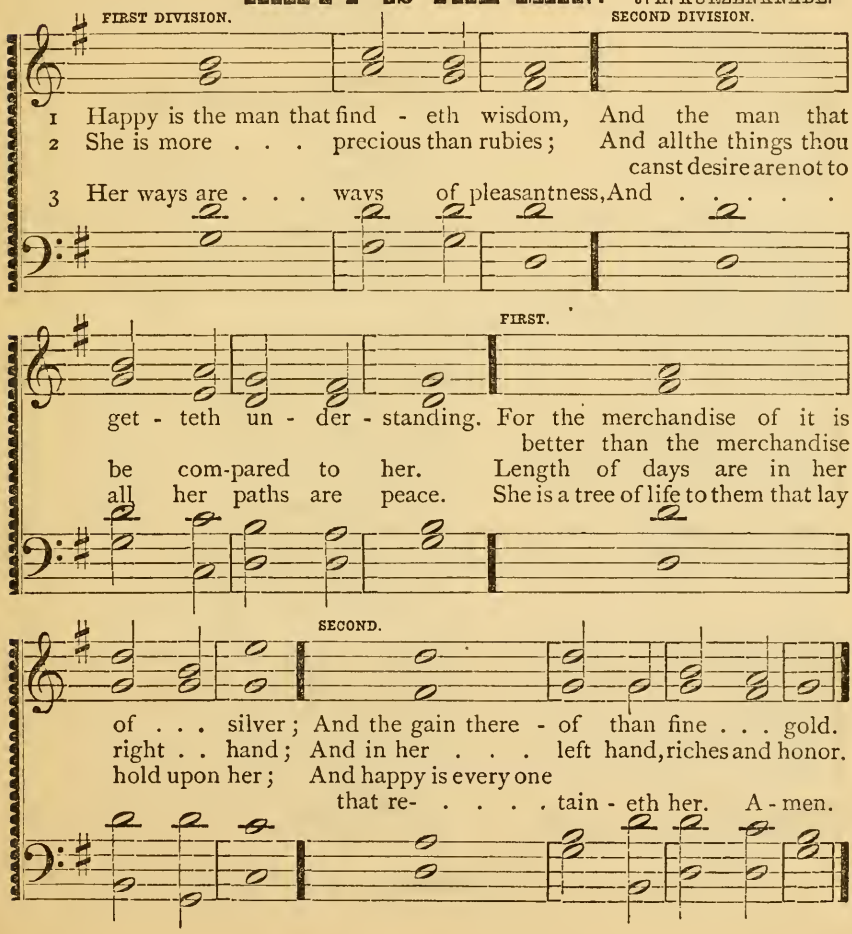



## HAPPY IS THE MAN.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



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